

bloody and blunt by redjadequeen

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst, Billy Hargrove Needs a Hug, Denial, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Internalized Homophobia, M/M, Possibly Unrequited Love, Secrets, Steve just doesn't get it

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-03-19

Updated: 2021-03-19

Packaged: 2022-04-01 13:35:44

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,469

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Billy wakes up to Steve at his bedroom window.

Billy grins so harsh, Steve takes a step back. "Oh no, pretty boy. I think it really is. It ain't like it was just once. Not like you just had a taste and decided it wasn't quite your palate. No, you kept coming back for more, like my car was your fuckin' hotel room. You made yourself feel right at home." Billy's hungry gaze scans down Steve's body. "Left such a mess in the back seat too."

bloody and blunt

Author's Note:

I found this while searching my google drive. It was one of the first ST fics I wrote back when I was experimenting with Billy's character, just as s3 premiered. i cleaned it up a bit today and decided to post it.

It's pretty typical harringrove angst, but originality is a myth so here you gooo.

Billy wakes to the sound of tapping at his window.

He jolts upright, heart pounding, a sharp ache hitting him square in his gut. Claspng where his pulse beats in his stomach, he stares at the glass where a shadow lies.

He'd recognize the shape of that goddamn hair from a mile away.

Harrington.

Another few taps echo. Billy gnaws at his bottom lip, hands clenching into tight fists. What right does Steve have to come here at this goddamn hour? Also, how the *fuck* does he know where he lives?

Unmoving, breath held, he's not exactly enthused about bringing Steve into the current misery of his life. Into the dark ink of his mind. In fact, he's *pissed*. Doesn't want Steve to see him like this. Tired, throbbing with pain, starved ..and not just for food.

However, Billy knows he needs to open the window to silence the incessant rapping. Neil wouldn't be exactly thrilled at the sight of a guy outside his window. Especially after last night.

He throws back his covers, stalks to the glass and unlatches it with a gentle touch. An annoying contrast to the rage that's building in his blood. Carefully pushing the window up to prevent squeaking, he reveals Harrington's face inch by inch.

His breath catches when their gazes meet, an electricity sparking at the sight of Steve's soft mouth and eyes. "What the fuck are you doing here?" he hisses.

Steve's wearing a jean jacket that's too cold for the weather, a somber expression fixed on. Billy tries to simultaneously read him and find the perfect words to pierce through his stupid, fickle heart.

"Can we talk?" Steve's fingers are in his thick, dark hair; nervously digging in.

"Lower your fucking voice." He roughly pulls on his jacket, jeans and boots. Climbs out the window, dropping feet-first onto the frosted grass until Steve and him are eye-level. Mouth in a tight scowl, he motions Steve over, leading him out to the end of his driveway.

They stand behind the Camaro, a few feet apart. Billy's shirtless under his leather, his breath emerging misty-white from his mouth. He instinctively reaches in his jacket for a cigarette, something to distract him from the burning desire to crush Steve's bones into the pavement.

"How the hell did you find me, Harrington?" Billy lights up, talking through the side of his mouth. "You and Jonathan been hanging out? Learned some stalker moves from him or somethin'?" He snaps his zippo-lighter shut. "That's cute."

Steve's not listening. He's grimacing at the purple-red stains on Billy's torso. "What the hell happened to you, man? Jesus Christ."

Billy just shrugs, blowing smoke straight up into the air.

Steve reaches out to touch the tender welts but Billy catches his wrist in a crushing grip. "*Don't.*" His tone is lethal, hold tightening. "You owe me an explanation, Harrington. You came here for a reason, didn't you? Waking me up at god knows what hour. Let's not forget our fucking manners." He flings Steve's hand away like its trash.

"Calm *down*. Jesus." Steve shakes sensation back into his fingers. "Look, I just came here to talk about...what happened. With us."

Billy nods impatiently, sucking at filter. "Yeah, yeah, whatever. Look,

it was nothing, okay? We did some stuff, had a few chuckles. Not a big deal.” He ignores the memory of Steve’s body under his, the subtle grind of their hips. The flash in Steve’s eyes when he came.

Steve shakes his head, eyebrows knitted. “No, It *was* a fucking big deal. If anyone found out-“ He heaves a nervous breath. “I mean. It’s not...normal.”

Billy can’t prevent that from stinging. “Yeah, I know. That’s what you said three weeks ago before you disappeared.”

“Well, I meant it. Like, don’t you feel weird about it? You haven’t done that shit before, right?”

Billy laughs, but it’s not pleasant. “*Plenty* of times. You really couldn’t tell? Fucking walk in the park, man. Feels right as rain to me.”

“Well, it isn’t *me*.”

Billy grins so harsh, Steve takes a step back. “Oh no, pretty boy. I think it really is. It ain’t like it was just once. Not like you just had a taste and decided it wasn’t quite your palate. No, you kept coming back for more, like my car was your fuckin’ hotel room. You made yourself feel right at home.” Billy’s hungry gaze scans down Steve’s body. “Left such a *mess* in the back seat too.”

Steve swallows weakly, voice cracking. “It was a mistake, okay? A big mistake. I can’t shake it, man. It’s eating me alive.”

He looks genuinely distraught. Billy luxuriates in it, triumphant.

“Is that so?” Billy’s eyes flare up, mouth in a wry twist. “What, can’t get it up for your girl anymore? You leaving little Nancy all high and dry?”

“No!” Steve scoffs, grasping for words. “What are you fucking talking about-I mean-”

“It’s okay, Harrington.” Billy takes another deep drag. Gloating. “I won’t tattle. ”

Steve opens and closes his mouth. Has nothing. “Shut up, man...”

"Aw, poor *baby*." Billy oozes smug satisfaction. "I really ruined you, didn't I? You come all the way out here, in the middle of the night, to just...what?" He gestures a hand in the air. "-let me know that dick isn't your cup of tea? No. You're here for something more than a goddamn therapy session."

Steve can't make eye contact, shakes his head at a tree. "Man, that's so not it. You just...seemed upset. More pissed than I've ever seen you, which is really saying a lot." He gives Billy a challenging look. "It's like I actually hurt your feelings or something."

Billy snorts. "Nah, Harrington." Thick smoke bombards Steve's face, makes him flinch nicely. "I've got options. A goddamn line-up. And it's *all* the same to me. You on the other hand?" He crushes his cigarette under his heel. "You're gonna be thinking about my cock every day, for the rest of your life."

Steve is speechless, mouth parted.

Billy takes a step forward, words dripping, sickly sweet. "Don't worry about me. In fact, I'd really start worrying about *you*. If I were you, I'd start asking myself *why* I'm knocking on windows in the dark like a fucking ghost. *Why* I can't stop thinking about something that *isn't* me. Your words don't match your actions, honey. Maybe that's why you can't sleep."

Steve's skin is a deep shade of burning red. Billy can practically feel the rush of heat coming off him.

"Fucking Hell, man. Just stop it, okay? I just wanted to see if you were alright. You know, check in...like..like a friend."

Billy stiffens, face hardening into an ugly glare that knifes into Steve's eyeballs. "*A friend?*" The word leaves an acrid taste on his tongue.

Steve nods, like this was somehow going to be a reasonable suggestion for Billy. "Yeah man, seems like you could use one. A real one."

Billy's smile is murderous. "You're delusional, Harrington." He turns

sharp on his boot and strides towards his house.

Steve's immediately on his heels. "What, we're just supposed to hate each other?" He grasps Billy's shoulder, tugs slightly.

Billy shrugs him off, not looking back. "Yeah man, it really is that simple. Fuck off."

Steve touches him again and Billy spins around, seizing his forearm in a hold that's going to hurt later. "Get. The fuck. Away from me." He shoves Steve hard onto asphalt. He lands in a painful twist, palms scraping open.

Billy stands over him, adrenaline rushing. "Funny how it always ends up this way, isn't it?"

"You know what, you're fucking right." Steve's on his feet, stumbling. "Fuck this shit. Don't know what I was thinking. Nobody's ever been a friend in your life. Know why? Cause you're a fucking *psychopath*."

Billy's nostrils flare. "You know how this ends, Harrington. Don't push it." He pauses. "Though, I gotta admit: I really miss seeing that pretty face gush blood."

Steve has his hands up, palms oozing crimson pin-pricks. He backs away, eyes wary. "I'm gone, Hargrove. I'm fucking gone, alright?" He turns and begins his retreat down the driveway, throwing up his collar against the chill.

"Good!" Billy snarls, watching as Steve disappears into the night. "Don't fucking come back. I won't be so chipper next time."

He stands there alone in the driveway, breathing hard. It takes a minute for him to be aware of the temperature, how he can't feel his toes, how goddamn sore he is. He makes his way back to his house, hauls himself through the window. Climbs onto his bed, shoes on. Doesn't sleep. Just feels his blood racing, the thawing ache of his fingers, and the lonely barrier between his heart and the world.